He was engrossed in a radiomovie of the huge freighter now on her maiden voyage

"You forget, dad, that we have the right of the municipal incinerating tubes after one wearing, together with all the fiber dishes, table linens, cooking utensils, knives, forks, spoons, and all that nonsense," thought he. "What a great bust just began when the governor was my age!"

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passengers to alight without delay from suburban trains. Both men arose. The old gentleman’s humor could hardly have been worse. Having to use the tube irritated him always beyond measure. He detested the tube. This morning he had taken it only because his touring plane was out of order, with a broken antigravitator. One of the newest 1916 models capable of doing 250 an hour when no air corps were looking.

Stanton, who warned the policeman as the crowd scurried over the reducing zones toward the disengaging platform. There the two men stopped a moment, waiting the opening of the Cortlandt Street Upper Level slide. A nervous, flaggy old lady close by was heaving a patient official in a manner that made her look as though she might break.

“It’s ten degrees too warm here, I tell you,” she was scolding. “I’ve a good mind to report you. I’ll take your index number, anyhow. I can’t and won’t stand it! We need rain, and we simply must have more mid-oceanic breezes. It’s an outrage the way we stew! I’ve paid my rain tax, I’ll have you known!”

The slider opened, and father and son entered.

“Here, here, take your time!” exclaimed Stanton, Sr., as a fellow passenger bowed him. “This is no place to use your teleautos!”

The clerk merely shrugged his shoulders as the sliding floor began to stretch aloft up the chute—swift-moving in its middle portion, but slower at top and bottom—and, quite uninform of the other passengers, continued to hold his little iridium antennae aloft.

“I protest, sir!” interjected Stanton, Sr.

“ Beg pardon,” apologized the other, “but I’ve just got an urgent telepathic call from Hong Kong, and—”

He did not finish, but bent his brows with attention, taking the message. A few men and women peered curiously at him, for the latest of all inventions was still recent enough to attract some notice.

His message finished, the man lowered his an-tennae, folded them and stowed them in the pocket of his spensorous waistcoat.

“Dear me, it’s for that!” he remarked to the woman at his side. “Go right along to the office, Miss Clarke. I’ll get off at the next transversal and go down the Sub-Atlantic Tube.”

“That Liverpool matter?” the girl queried.

“Yes. I must be there—thirty-thirty, by the latest, and it’s nine when already. Back to-night, sure. Meantime, if Hendricks calls, tell him—”

His words were lost as the Stantons moved forward, walking up the busy sidemark slide. Two minutes later they had landed on the moving viaduct, 1,576 feet aloft, which would bring them to their offices in the Alto Building—a 210-story glass and aluminum structure of a recent, though not the latest, type. Stupendous in area, it extended from Cortlandt Street to the site of the one-time “Battery” now obliterated by the concrete fill which made Staten Island an integral part of the city. On the roof of this building stood the Tesla Master Station, the spheric control of more than half of all the transatlantic autoaeroplane, whether aerial, surface, or submarine. Father and son entered the building at the 15th story. As they passed through the antipulse chanter just inside the entrance, dust air currents effectually removed all dust from their persons. For this was a dustless age, perfectly and universally. Electric air filters had displaced money to be sterilized no less often the once in forty-eight hours, under stringent penalties and paper swords of hand-in-hand irradium.

“Welcome, Mr. Stanton!” they cried. This blazoned his name and proud descent. The name of Willard Paul, visualizing audiphone.

Arrived at their offices, the Stantons busied themselves, each in his own way. The father, without a word, walked through into his private room, took off his outer coat, and slipped into his office kimono.

The care of the day at once absorbed him. Ellsworth, however, had another and more weighty matter than mere business on his mind. He sat down at his desk of aluminum and porcelain, and picked up the letter tube that lay waiting in the metal cul-de-sac. He bade it open and clear out, and, with a flourish, he slipped into his handwriting lap.

At sight of one, postmarked “Peaks Island, Me.,” his eyes lighted with anticipatory joy.

“Good little girl,” he whispered as he slit the envelope with the tiny steel blade embedded along its top. “Business may come and business may go, but these notes never forget me.”

With no less eagerness than as though he had been a troubadour lover of the fourteenth century, Ellsworth Stanton, Jr., of Staten Island, 1916, leaned back and with a smile of contentment read the letter from the lady of his heart’s desire.

Despite the wireless, the audiphone, and other apparatus, the archaic art of letter writing had not yet wholly gone out of use. Among lovers especially, the verb letters were cherished. A few even wrote poetry, but not all Stanton’s passion for Alice Haynes had ever been able to drive him to such extravagances, comparable to knight-errantry.


Ellsworth only smiled. This day of days, he which he had planned to mean so very much to him, could not be marred by any such petty annoyances.

Ellsworth Ellsworth, son of Ellsworth Ellsworth of Staten Island, 1858-1916, was the year of his birth.

Well, what?”

“Staten Island,” the boy turned his back, glowed bright for a moment. Soon the news came, and then faded. “We’ve got to tell those girls of ours to be more careful hereafter,” he growled to his son. “They mustn’t go around like that!”

“Why, what’s up?” asked Ellsworth. “How do you know they’ve been talking?”

“Oh, I know it, all right, enough. Before I was out of bed this morning I got a teletelic dispatch from the Central Bourse. What do you think?”

“Well, what?”

“The amount of our per diem tax demanded yesterday by the Credit Reserve Board was the exact amount due!”

Ellsworth Ellsworth was seated at his desk in his private room, whose walls were of marble, whose floors of polished granite, floor-to-ceiling windows of plate-glass, without a mere single spot of fly-speck. His pipe, a Persian hookah, was at hand. The light of the tube was reflected in it, like a diamond, sparkling and flashing. The room was filled with a murmur of conversation, the hum of business, the sound of wheels, the click of keys, the clatter of typewriters, the whisper of voices. Stanton, Sr., fumed with annoyance, but said no more.
if practiced by a twentieth century lover. Alice, indeed, sometimes composed verses; but in a woman such archaic romanticism was still excusable.

Stanton's smile as he read the girl's message would have betrayed the state of his heart in any age of the world. Comfortably at ease in the plastic chair which automatically adjusted itself to every posture, he read the letter twice. Then he glanced at the door leading into his father's room. Stanton, Sr., was hard at work. The young man imprinted a kiss on the sensitized fiber where the girl had traced her message with the electric stylus; then, refolding the letter, he put it into his breast pocket—and on the left side.

The temptation assailed him to postpone business a few minutes and have a talk with Alice, to hear her voice and see her face again. The frosted plate of the visualizing audiphone would show him her blue eyes, her fascinating mouth, her hair, every quality and expression of her beauty. Three hundred miles apart, they could talk face to face: or three thousand, for that matter. He reached for the instrument.

"Portland, 4634 K-B!" said he.

The elder man looked up from his correspondence.

"Ellsworth!" he exclaimed angrily, "I warn you, you're driving me too far!"

"See here, father!" cried Ellsworth, "I protest against—"

"Protest and be damned!" retorted the father, with rising temper. He appeared in the doorway.

"No more nonsense now. The idea of bringing thoughts of a sweetheart into a business office in this advanced age of sanity and efficiency! No partner of mine shall make an ass of himself. Interpret that any way you like. But if you persist, and drive me to extremities, don't ever say I didn't warn you!"

Ellsworth pondered a moment, then hung up the receiver. "There, that's better," said his father.

"Now get to work!"

Reluctantly the young man turned to the mass of communications on his desk. Stanton, Sr., eyed him a moment, then, nodding and grumbling to himself, returned to his own room. And for a while silence reigned in the office of Stanton & Son.

Those offices, a little more than 1,900 feet aloft, were filled with sunshine and invigorating ozone. Their temperature was automatically regulated by the Federal Hygienic Department apparatus, which likewise adjusted the percentage of oxygen. A delicious breeze percolated through the mesh windows. Cloudless, the sky seen through these windows extended to vast horizons of human activity, all smokeless now. Vapors, smoke, and fogs had been utterly banished from the world. Even rain had been relegated to the position of a nocturnal phenomenon. Agriculture had become as certain as manufacturing. Machinery had liberated mankind from gross forms of drudgery. The slum had long since been wiped out as an intolerable menace. The world in which Stanton lived had (Continued on page 27)
June 6, 2016

(Continued from page 9)

D DISMISSING Alice from his mind, or trying to, Stanton turned to busi-
ness, and began gathering up the threads
of his affairs. The old-fashioned sealed
mail wax, of course, almost wholly obso-
lete; it now carried, through the mag-
netic tubes, little save strictly personal
 correspondence, documents, money or-
ders, and circulars. Nearly all business
 was done with the dictograph, the dic-
togram, and the tachometer.

Stanton turned first to his dictogram.
During the night it had been receiving
messages from the Federal Wireless
and had been recording them. Now as
he plugged in on the reproducer these
messages began issuing in printed form.

He answered such communications as
he deemed advisable by radiogram and
wireless telephone. The remaining an-
swers he dictated into the tachometer,
which swiftly and accurately recorded
his speech in the print of the new
orthographic system. These letters were
briefer than those of the old days. All
polite formulas were omitted, so that the
communications seemed almost in code:

Thus ran the written correspondence.
Having finished it, Stanton took up the
day’s reports of the firm’s branches in
Beykapia, Callao, Madrid, Petrograd,
and Tokyo, now capital of the United
States of Asia.

Stanton’s papers, differing in color,
size, and thickness according to the
nature of the business and the depart-
ment they referred to, were automati-
cally distributed by the dactylopress.
As he touched the lever that released
the correspondence baskets into the
chutes leading to the departments on
the floor below a huge shadow dimmed
the room for a second, then vanished.

Stanton arose, walked to a window,
and peered seaward just in time to
catch sight of the Twenty-Hour Lim-
ited Flyer as it skimmed on its way
to London. Only a few minutes before
it had released itself by demagnetizing
the anchors that had held it in its
chute on top of the 2,000-foot Har-
lem Tower. Soon it was dwindling
and fading on the horizon, far above
the vague sea floor that sparkled
away and away to southeastward. Stanton
watched it disappear, then returned to
his desk, slipped a tobacco clip into
his pipe, and lighted it by pressing the
knob that set the rim of the bowl to
glowing. Once more he sat down to
commune with the news of the day,
preparatory to mapping out a new line
of business activity in the Orient.

Just then his father appeared in
the doorway. He coughed nervously.
Stanton saw that he had taken off his
kimonos and had resumed his street
garb. This was unusual at such an
erly hour of the day. But Stanton
made no comment. The elder man had
been getting on his nerves rather badly.
It's now eleven-fifteen. If I catch the eleven-thirty from the Southern Arm- 
Terminal, I can make it by fifteen-
thirty, or better, and be an hour or 
twenty. You can handle things 
right to-day. But mind, now, 
more of that. Alphonse, 
Remember, I'll have you constantly in view. 
I'm in no mood to 
face against my will and I'll cut you 
short with a penny: a point ten time 
cheaper.

Young Stanton only shrugged his 
shoulders.

"Half a toot," said he. "Take care of yourself, and if 
you run across Alvarez tell him 
I'll be down new 
week to beat him 
eighteen holes 
on the Guam 
quill links."

They shook hands and parted with a 
slight ceremony as would have 
prefaced a trip to 
Jersey City in the old days. 
Alone, Ellsworth 
leamed 
back in his 
plastic 
chair, closed his eyes, and indulged in a 
little day-dreaming. The 
smile on his lips seemed to 
tell that his 
dream 
lay far 
shie from his 
office and the 
cars of business.

Returning from his 
synthetic lunch 
at thirteen-twenty, Stanton 
found two tremen-
dously important messages 
waiting 
him in his 
diagram.

One of the 
diagram 
grams 
was 
from 
Margaret Pearl, president 
of the 
Himalaya Development 
 Syndicate, 
offering Stanton 
a position in its 
London office 
at quite a 
dis- 
fure. He had 
been 
expecting 
the 
offer 
for 
some 
time, but 
was 
surprised to 
tell 
that 
it 
come 
soon 
and so 
opportune- 
ly. 
Stanton, 
his 
eyes 
shining, 
gave the 
matter 
fifteen minute 
thought. 
Here 
last 
was the 
chance 
to 
m 
out 
the 
humdrum 
of 
Manhattan; 
here 
was the 
chance to 
break 
the 
pal- 
cial 
chain, 
restrain-
ing him. His answer was decisive and 
to the point.

Offer accepted. Will come 
immediately if necessary. 11,802.

By thirteen-forty-five the message 
was on Margaret Pearl's desk.

The second message was from 
Alphonse.

"Called you at twelve-fifty. Can you 
come this afternoon?"

Three minutes later Stanton was in 
communication with her at her father's 
bungalow on Peak Island, where he 
was spending the two months' vacation 
allowed her as treasurer of the 
Inter-
continental Adjutants' As-

ciation. Her 
face, mirrored on the frosted 
side of the 
sudophone, 
showed 
when 
she 
told her the good news of his new 
opening, "I'm 
leaving the office at once," 
concluded. "I'll be with you inside an 
hour. Now that my salary's going 
to be even bigger than yours, I don't see 
how father can object."

"Well discuss that when you arrive." 
interrupted the 
girl laughing.
"Dad is really a serious problem," he answered. "In spite of all his boasting about being abreast of the times, he's incorrigibly old-fashioned when it comes to women and—"

"Well, that's a bridge we won't cross till we reach it," again urged Alice.
"Come along this afternoon and we'll talk it over."

THEY passed a few words of small talk; then Stanton of Whitehead broke the connection. Hastily he finished up one or two urgent matters, and made ready to catch the 14:05 Portland express. Just as he was leaving the office a call from Panama flashed in on the receiver.
"Damn!" he muttered, sitting down at his desk. "Oh, is that you, dad?" he called into the audiphone.
"Yes, it is!" came an irate voice, while his father's face, stern and angry, developed on the slide. "You scoundrel! I told you I'd keep tabs on this thing, and I have. I've just picked up your plan, and, by the gods, I'll checkmate it or—"

"Oh, so!" exclaimed Stanton hotly.
"How can you?"

"I'll show you, you young traitor! I'll fix your little game. I'm jumping the first flyer back to Boston. There I'll catch a Portland plane. You've still got to reckon with me, Ellsworth; don't forget that! I told you I'd cut you off if you persisted in this nonsense, and I swear I will. So look out!"

"Go ahead and cut," the younger man retorted. "I'm ready to quit anyhow!"

"You mean you really intend to take up with that Loestienn wool, about her shoulders? When they were well away from the bungalow, was walking toward the crags of the headland, along the corrugated glass pavement of the motor boulevard, Stanton stopped.

"Well, Alice, things seem to be shaping up pretty well; about this first place, my anthropometrical chart for this half-year—I just got it from the Eugenics Board; it gives a 9.35 per cent improvement in my physical averages. My curve is nearly a perfect ellipse—almost as good as yours. So, you see, on that score there can be no objection, and the board's license is mine for the asking. Then, in the second place, this new position of mine is going to make our dream a reality. You know, in spite of everything, I've always clung to the old-fashioned idea that the man should earn more than the wife—"

"Now there's really no reason why—why, you understand?"

"Of course," he answered. "Shall we walk a bit farther? Down on the rocks, maybe?"

"I just love the rocks," said Alice. "They're so wild and rugged. It's terrible hard to find anything romantic, isn't it, in this matter-of-fact twenty-first century?"

"There will always be romantic nights in the woods and the mountains, as long as there are lovers," muses the young man.

In silence they kept on a while. Dusk was beginning to close in. The orange of sunset. Here man and his wondrous works seemed overtopped by the greater wonders. The spell of the unchanging sea lay heavy on them both. In face of that vast immensity of space, speech had become almost an impenetrable barrier.

All at once lights darted along the boulevard. The snarl of a motor signal startled them from their reverie. Behind them a car was speeding furiously. Stanton did not stop the car. But the car did not pass. Blowing it came to a noiseless halt, suspended in full flight by its powerful magnetic adhesive brakes. From it an elderly grim-visaged but hastily descended. He advanced; it faced the pair.

"Well, I'm here!" he angrily announced.

"Oh, hello, dad!" exclaimed Stanton, wholly at ease. "That you?"

"Yes, it's I. You know what I told you, and—"

"Allow me to present Miss Alice Haynes," said Stanton; a subtle note of pride in his tone.

Stanton, Sr., gazed curiously and sternly at the young woman who stood smiling, beside him. His eyes widened with astonishment, as the muscles of his firmly set jaws relaxed.

Though it would be unjust to the young women of 1916 to say that Alice Haynes was the most wonderful, the most beautiful of them all, yet the old gentleman realized as he gazed for the first time at his son's sweetheart, that she was
everything that he had expected Ellsworth's wife to be—yes, even more.

Incredible! This was, then, really the girl who had engineered getting an introduction to his son, who had sent him gifts—once even flowers—who had told him of her love and who had actually proposed?

"Well, I'll be damned," muttered Stanton, Sr., under his breath, in the now archaic vernacular.

He looked at his son, smiling, confident, and proud; then at the young woman, more fresh and lovely than any radio-movie heroine he had ever seen. On the girl's face he saw a noble dignity. Her soft blue eyes compelled his admiration. He noted indications of unusual intelligence in the becoming width of her white brow shaded by silken masses of golden-tinted hair, which glowed luminously in the light of the vacuo-vibratory lamps on his car.

Slowly he raised his hand and dropped his woolfelt hat from his head. The girl, detecting the new glimmer of comprehension in his eyes, impulsively offered her hand with a frank, contagious laugh.

"Don't you really approve of me?" she asked. "Not even a little bit?" Her smile was pure magic.

The old gentleman coughed and took her hand gingerly. He blinked his eyes and shifted his position on the composite paving. In sudden panic lest he capitulate too rapidly, he stammered: "I must—positively insist..."

"That you do not approve of me?"—feigning a pretty pout.

"Why don't you approve of me—Papa Stanton?"

"Papa Stanton!" the old gentleman repeated loudly with an attempt at anger. "Papa Stanton! Why, I haven't consented; I—I tell you, young lady," he cleared his throat and rolled his gloves into a ball, "say, are you really the one, the young woman, who—who made love to my son and—"

The lovers interrupted him with their laughter; then grew sober as the girl stepped up to Ellsworth's father and placed her hands gently and affectionately upon his shoulders. "Oh, Papa Stanton," she confessed, "I believe I am, if you put it that way. Yes, I'm guilty. I'm dreadfully guilty. You see..."

"Disgraceful, disgraceful!" murmured the father, wanting in vain to escape from the girl, yet thrilled in his heart by the love-filled eyes and affectionate caress of this splendid woman who fulfilled his son's dream of home and happiness.

Ellsworth also approached and laid his hand upon his father's shoulder. Then, remembering an odd phrase he had read recently in a queer novel of old New York, he said: "Dad, you can't get away with it. Isn't she wonderful? Look at her!" Gently he placed his other arm about his sweetheart's shoulders.

Stanton, Sr., melted.

"My son," he began, "I am angry, you understand, I am very angry. But you are sure that Miss—Miss—"

"Alice, Papa Stanton," laughed the girl.

"You are sure that this is the young—that Alice is the same young woman who proposed and—"

The lovers laughed again, while Ellsworth's arm tightened about the girl.

"Yes, dad, this surely is the same one," the young man affirmed. "She certainly proposed to me. But if she hadn't, I'd have done it myself—just a mere matter of detail. What difference does it make, anyhow, who began it, if it's going to end like—like this?" And, bending, he kissed her luminous, soft hair.

The old gentleman stared hard at these amazing young people. Then all at once he held out his arms.

"Come, Alice," said he. Laughing, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. He returned the kiss; then, holding Alice back at arm's length, smiled upon her, chuckling like a happy boy.

"It's all right, it's all right," he yielded. "I capitulate. What do you want the old man to hand you as a wedding present? A radio-movie limousine, a touring plane, or?"

"Don't bother about trifles, daddy," laughed Alice, hugging him again, as a good daughter should. "Just shake hands with Ellsworth and forgive him—that's the very best present you could make us. Then we'll ride back in the car with you and tell my anxious father and mother. I think father's got a bottle of very ancient Château Léclair—"
it dates 'way back to 1776 or some such remote period—that he'll open. Well, what do you say?"

"In my day," the old gentleman stammered, still haunted by his old superstition, "in—in my day—"

"Yes, daddy, but times have changed since then!" Alice replied. Then she teased. "Come, now, be a good daddy and make up with my boy! And let's not keep that Château Leclair waiting!"

She drew the son's hand and the father's together.

"Now will you both be good?" asked she, a little quaver in her voice.

"No fool like an old fool!" grumbled Stanton, Sr. "Ellsworth, if you—if you'll overlook—"

"Forget it, governor!" answered his son with unnecessary energy, as though he too felt a bit lumpy in the throat. He gave his father's hand a savage squeeze, then turned and took Alice in his arms once more and kissed her carmine lips.

"No fool like an old fool," repeated Stanton, Sr., turning directly toward the motor. "I guess I'm hopeless out of date. The world's sweeping all the old ways mighty fast into the discard. It's a new world; I swear I can't get used to it. Even the ways of romance have changed, Lord, Lord!"

"There's one thing, though, that never changes, governor," commented Ellsworth, as he took his seat in the car beside Alice, who had found her place without waiting to be helped in. "Never changes—and never will, so long as youth and life remain in this world, and that's the way of a man with a maid."

"You mean the way of a maid with a man, you foolish dear!" laughed Alice.

"We've really always done just the same thing. But you've never known I till lately—that's the only difference. And..."

But she did not finish, for Ellsworth gathered her yielding body in his arms and her lips could say no more, because her lover's eager lips, upon them, made their feminine philosophy a kiss.